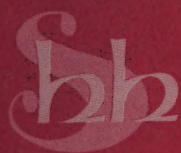
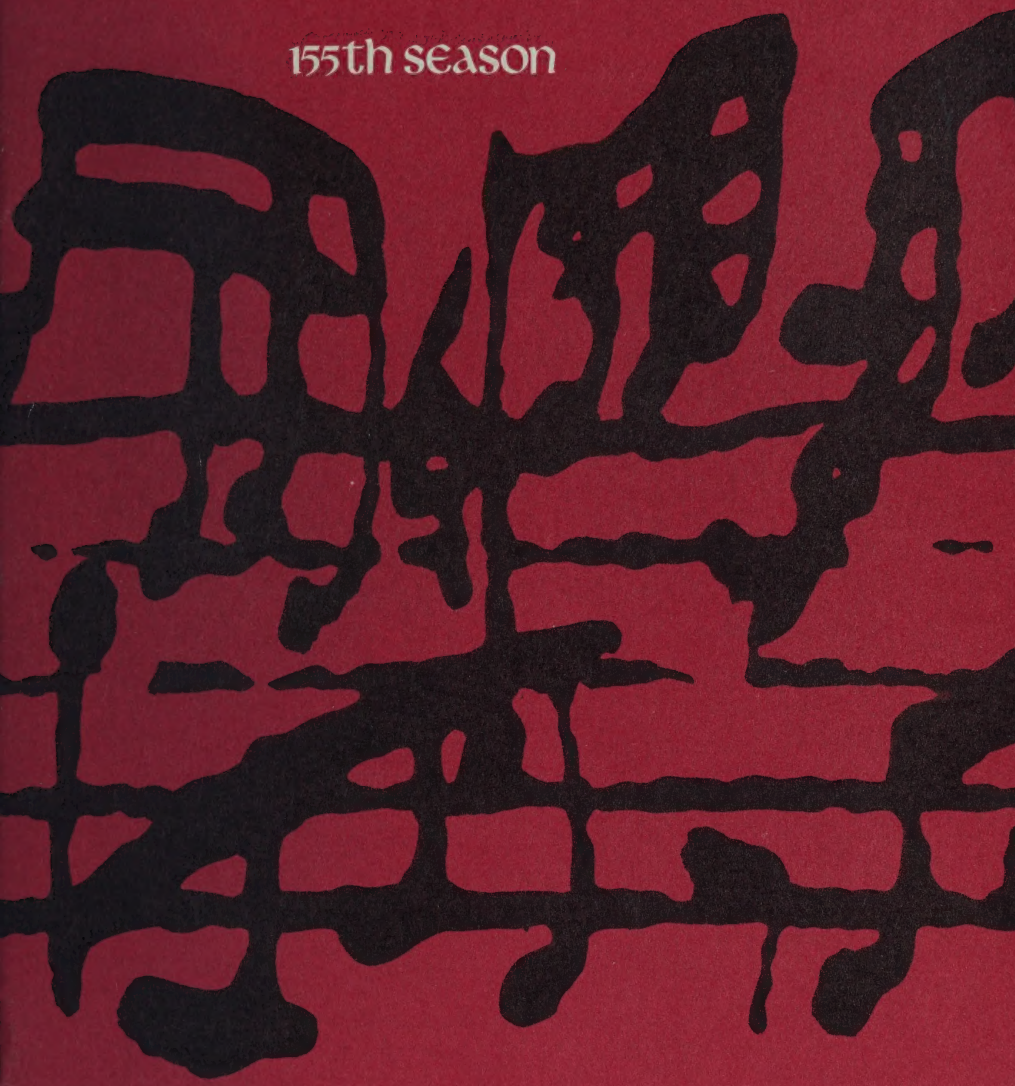


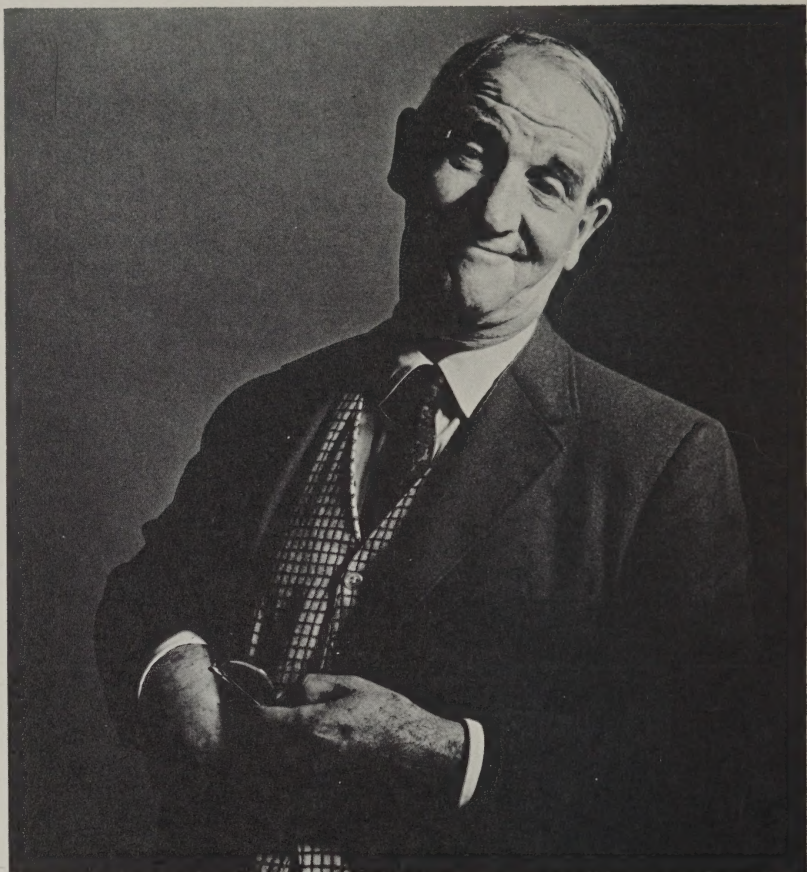
155th season



handel and haydn
society

thomas dunn, music director

His Will leaves a love seat to his late Aunt Judith.



Something tells us his Will is not up to date.

It's not something he's really conscious of. In fact, he would probably be surprised to find out how many things the Will ignores: his children, for one thing. The summer place in Maine, for another. And all the other things he and his wife have accumulated over the years.

If he should die, it could be quite a mess.

You'd be surprised how many people are in this boat. And that's a constant source of amazement to us, since it's so simple for a man to keep his Will up to date.

If you haven't reviewed your Will lately, it might be a good idea to set up an appointment with your lawyer this week.

And if you think there might be a place in the picture for Old Colony as executor or trustee, we'd be glad to talk it over.

THE FIRST & OLD COLONY

The First National Bank of Boston and Old Colony Trust Company

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

155th Season

1969-1970

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Assistant Conductor
Voice Consultant

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Donald Teeters
David Blair McClosky

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Handel and Haydn Society

In December, 1815, an unidentified writer in the Boston *Centinel* said of the Handel and Haydn Society: "We are happy to see that this respectable Society has appointed a time to favour the public with an opportunity of listening to its performances. We have been favoured with a copy of the Constitution of the Society and are pleased to find that their views are liberal and commendable . . . We ardently wish them to persevere in their labours and most sincerely say 'Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces!'"

On Christmas Day, 1815, a few days after the article appeared in the *Centinel*, the Handel and Haydn Society gave its first public performance at King's Chapel in Boston. The program consisted mainly of excerpts from Haydn's *Creation* and Handel's *Messiah*, works so familiar to present-day concert-goers that it is difficult to imagine a time when they were new and unfamiliar. But there was much more to be heard in America that had never been heard here before.

Throughout the nineteenth century, the Handel and Haydn Society displayed an aggressive commitment to broaden its repertory and to improve prevailing musical tastes. Audiences responded by turning out in great numbers to hear the Society give the first Boston performances of such works as Haydn's *Creation* (1819), Mendelssohn's *Elijah* (1848), Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* (1853), Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* (1862), and the first performances in America of Handel's *Messiah* (1818), *Samson* (1845), *Solomon* (1855), *Israel in Egypt* (1859), and *Joshua* (1876), Bach's *Passion According to St. Matthew* (1874), *Christmas Oratorio*, Parts I and II (1877), *Mass in B Minor*, in part (1877), and Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem* (1878).

By the beginning of the twentieth century the Society, basking in its seniority and prestige, began more often to focus its attention upon familiar repertory, leaving more adventuresome musical pursuits to others. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Handel and Haydn Society came to be considered by many as a rather staid old institution with a greater past than future.

However, what has been surprising to everyone who assumed that the Society's advancing age was leading to senility, is that the Handel and Haydn Society, after more than a century-and-a-half, has lost none of its vigor or initiative.

Times have changed, and the tastes of an ever more sophisticated audience have changed. A musical organization which fails to recognize that fact is destined to lose its relevance to contemporary culture.

This Society is not about to disappoint the gentleman of the *Centinel* who perceived in us such great promise and wished us well when we were in our infancy. Although peace and prosperity have eluded us for 154 years, we have persevered in our labors and are pleased to think that the current programs and activities of the Handel and Haydn Society reflect views that are both liberal and commendable.

George E. Geyer

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

Thomas Dunn, Music Director

APRIL 10, 1970 / JORDAN HALL / EIGHT-THIRTY

Arthur Honegger

LE ROI DAVID

Psaume symphonique
en trois parties d'après le drame
de
René Morax

Catherine Rowe, *soprano*
Eunice Alberts, *contralto*
Raymond Gibbs, *baritone*
Hugues Cuénod, *narrator*

The Chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society
Members of the Boston Philharmonia

Thomas Dunn, *conducting*

*Yamaha Piano,
the official piano of the Handel and Haydn Society.*

*We gratefully acknowledge the contribution
by the E. C. Schirmer Music Company to this program.*

LE ROI DAVID

Psaume symphonique

PREMIERE PARTIE

1. Introduction

C'était le temps où Jehovah parlait à son peuple Israël par la bouche des prophètes.

En ce temps-là l'Esprit de Dieu se détournait du roi Saül et il parla au voyant Samuel:

"Lève-toi, Samuel, remplis ta corne d'huile et monte vers Jessé qui est à Bethléem. J'ai vu parmi ses fils le roi que je désire."

Donc Samuel monta vers Bethléem où le berger David chantait en gardant son troupeau.

2. Chant de David (Contralto solo):

L'Eternel est mon berger
Je ne suis que son agneau.
Conduis-moi par tes sentiers
Au vallon des fraîches eaux.

L'Eternel est mon rocher
Et mon pré vert et fleuri.
Il est l'ombre du figuier,
Sous le soleil de midi.

L'Eternel est mon abri
Quand la foudre gronde au ciel.
L'Eternel est mon ami.
Je t'aime et te bénis
Tu es l'Eternel.

*Et Samuel choisit David parmi ses frères.
Et il l'oignit avec la corne d'huile. Et David
était blond et de belle figure. Et dès ce jour
l'Esprit de Dieu resta sur lui.*

3. Choeur:

Loué soit le Seigneur plein de gloire.
Le Dieu vivant, l'auteur de ma victoire.
Par qui je vois mes outrages vengés,
Par qui sous moi les peuples sont rangés.
Quand les plus grands contre moi se
soulèvent,
Au-dessus d'eux ses fortes mains m'élèvent.
Des orgueilleux, il confond le dessein
Que pour me perdre ils couvaient dans
leur sein.

[Clément Marot]

*Voici, dans la vallée du térébinthe, Saül a
rassemblé les soldats d'Israël contre les Philistins.
Et le géant Goliath a défié l'armée.
Mais David avec sa fronde a mis à mort le
Philistin. Et Jonathan, fils de Saül, a fait alliance
avec lui. Au retour de la bataille les
filles d'Israël chantaient en dansant au-devant
de l'armée.*

KING DAVID

Symphonic Psalm

PART ONE

1. Introduction

In those days the Lord spake to his people Israel through the mouth of the prophet.

And at that time the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul the king and spake to the prophet Samuel:

"Arise, Samuel, fill thine horn with oil and go, I will send thee to Jesse the Bethlehemite: for I have provided me a king among his sons.

And Samuel came to Bethlehem where David the shepherd was singing and keeping the sheep.

2. Song of David:

The Lord is my Shepherd,
I am but his sheep.
Lead me in thy paths
To the valley of the still waters.

The Lord is my rock
And my green and flowering field.
He is the shade of the fig tree.
Under the noon-day sun.

The Lord is my shelter
If lightning rend the heavens.
The Lord is my friend forever.
I will love thee and bless thee:
Thou art the Lord.

*And Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed David in the midst of his brothers.
Now he was ruddy and of a beautiful countenance.
And the Spirit of the Lord came upon him from that day forward.*

3. Psalm:

Praised be the Lord of glory,
The living Lord, the author of my victory.
By whom I see my wrongs avenged,
By whom the peoples are in my charge.
When the greatest among men rise up
against me
His mighty arm lifts me above them.
He set at nought the plot of the proud
Who in their heart sought my ruin.

[Clément Marot]

And Saul and the men of Israel were gathered together, and pitched by the Valley of Elah and set the battle in array against the Philistines. But David slew the Philistine with a sling and a stone. And it came to pass that the soul of Jonathan, the son of Saul was knit with the soul of David. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returning from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of musick.

4. Chœur de victoire:

Vive David,
vainqueur des Philistins.
L'Eternel l'a choisi;
l'Eternel le soutient.
Saül tua ses mille
et David ses dix mille.

5. Cortège

Dans la maison du roi, David a rencontré Mical sa fiancée, et Jonathan sourit à leur amour. Mais le cœur de Saül est torturé de jalousie et de soupçon. Saül est vieux, David est jeune; il a pour lui le cœur du peuple. Un jour David chantait en jouant de la harpe devant Saül qui prit le javelot pour tuer le chanteur.

6. Psaume de David (Ténor solo):

Ne crains rien et mets ta foi en l'Eternel.
Pourquoi me dire: Enfuis-toi
Comme fuit l'oiseau du ciel vers les
montagnes.
Le méchant bande son arc
et sa flèche va siffler.
Car dans l'ombre il a tiré
sur l'innocent au cœur droit.
Ne crains rien et mets ta foi en l'Eternel.

Il s'est enfui près des prophètes et le bonheur de sa jeunesse se fane au souffle du désert. Car pour toujours il dit adieu à Jonathan qui l'aimait comme un frère.

7. Psaume de David (Soprano solo):

Ah, si j'avais des ailes de colombe
Je volerais bien loin dans le désert.
N'aurai-je de repos que dans la tombe?
Où me guérir des maux que j'ai soufferts?

Où trouverai-je un abri pour ma tête?
Soir et matin, je pleure et je gémis.
Le vent de mon malheur souffle en tempête
Et porte à Dieu ma prière et mes cris.

Et Saül envoya des gens pour capturer David chez Samuel. Mais quand les messagers s'en furent à Najoth, ils trouvèrent David au milieu des voyants et ils prophétisaient.

8. Chœur des Prophètes:

L'homme né de la femme
a peu de jours à vivre.
La route qu'il doit suivre
est ardue à son âme
et pleine de douleurs.

Il naît comme la fleur.
On la coupe, elle tombe.
Il passe comme une ombre
et le lieu qui l'a vu
ne le reconnaît plus.

4. Victory Chorus:

Long live David,
conqueror of the Philistines.
The Lord hath chosen him;
The Lord sustaineth him.
Saul hath slain his thousands
And David his ten thousands.

5. Procession

In the household of the king, David met Michal, his betrothed, and Jonathan smiled on their love. But the heart of Saul was tortured with jealousy and suspicion: Saul was old, David was young; loved of all the people. One day as David was singing and playing the lyre, Saul sought to smite him even to the wall with a javelin.

6. Psalm of David:

Fear not and put thy trust in the Lord.
How say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird
through the heavens to your mountain.
For, lo, the wicked bend their bow
and make ready their arrow
upon the string,
that they may privily shoot
at the innocent and the upright in heart.
Fear not and put thy trust in the Lord.

He fled among the prophets and the goodness of his youth withered in the desert air. And he bade farewell forever to Jonathan who loved him like a brother.

7. Psalm of David:

O that I had wings like a dove
Then would I fly far off in the wilderness.
Shall I have no rest but in the grave?
Who will heal the wounds that I have
suffered?

Where shall I find shelter for my head?
Night and day I pour out my crying.
The windy storm of my misfortune is a
tempest,
Carrying my prayer and my cries unto the
Lord.

And Saul sent men to capture David in Samuel's house. But when the messengers were come to Naioth, they found him with the company of prophets, and they were prophesying:

8. Chorus of the Prophets:

Man that is born of a woman
is of few days.
The path that he must follow
is heavy to his soul
and full of sorrow.

He cometh forth like a flower
And is cut down.
He fleeth like a shadow
and the place that hath seen him
knoweth him no more.

Il doit errer dans le désert; son cœur mûrit dans la détresse, dans le besoin et dans les larmes.

9. Psaume de David (Ténor solo):

Pitié de moi, mon Dieu, pitié!
Je cherche un refuge à tes pieds.
Je dors sous l'ombre de tes ailes.
Quand finiront ces nuits cruelles?
Pitié de moi, mon Dieu, pitié!

Ferme est mon cœur, ferme est mon cœur.
Je veux chanter pour le Seigneur.
O jour! Eyeille-toi, ma gloire.
Eyeille-toi, mon luth d'ivoire,
et chante l'Eternel
qui monte dans le ciel!

Et l'Eternel livre à David son ennemi, le roi Saül, seul, endormi parmi les siens au milieu de son camp. David n'a pas frappé son roi, l'oïnt du Seigneur. Il prend la cruche avec la lance à son chevet, et il s'en va. Nul ne l'a vu; ils dormaient tous, l'Eternel ayant fait tomber sur eux un profond assoupissement.

10. Le Camp de Saül

La guerre est de nouveau entre les Philistins et le roi d'Israël. Et l'armée de Saül est en grande détresse sur les collines ravinées où montent les lourds chariots, car David est avec les Philistins. En vain le peuple d'Israël appelle à son secours l'Eternel des armées.

11. Le Chœur:

L'Eternel est ma lumière infinie.
Pourquoi trembler mon cœur?
L'Eternel est le rempart de ma vie.
De qui aurais-je peur?

Que les méchants en grand nombre
s'avancent
pour dévorer ma chair,
dans la forêt des épées et des lances,
mon regard a vu clair.

Que contre moi campe toute une armée,
Dieu reste mon soutien.
Ma voix l'appelle au fort de la mêlée
et mon cœur ne craint rien.

En vain Saül désespéré interroge les signes. Car l'Eternel ne répond pas, ni par le feu, ni par les songes. Les serviteurs ont dit au roi: A Endor, il y a une femme qui évoque les morts. Le roi masqué avec deux hommes, s'en va de nuit chez cette femme. Et Saül dit: Fais-moi monter celui que je dirai. La femme répondit: Qui ferai-je monter? Il dit alors: Fais monter Samuel.

He must wander in the wilderness; his heart ripened in its distress, in need and in tears.

9. Psalm of David:

Be merciful unto me, O God,
I seek refuge for my feet.
I will sleep under the shadow of thy wings.
When will these cruel nights be over?
Be merciful unto me, O God.

My heart is fixed,
And I will sing unto the Lord.
O day, awake up my glory.
Awake, ivory psaltery,
and sing unto the Lord
who is exalted above the heavens!

And the Lord delivered King Saul into the hands of David, his enemy, sleeping in the encampment. But David slew not his King, the anointed of the Lord, but took the spear that was at Saul's bolster and the cruse of water and got him away. No man saw it, for they were all asleep, because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them.

10. Saul's Camp

And it came to pass that the Philistines gathered their armies for warfare, to fight with Israel. And Saul's army was hard pressed on the steep hill-sides where the heavy chariots had to go, for David was with the Philistines. In vain the people of Israel called upon the Lord.

11. Psalm:

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?

When the multitude of the wicked came
upon me
To eat up my flesh,
In the forest of spears and of lances
Mine eye hath seen clear.

Though an host of men should encamp
against me,
The Lord is my strength;
My voice calleth upon him in the midst of
the battle
And my heart shall not fear.

In vain Saul sought to read the signs. But the Lord answered him not, neither by fire, nor by dreams. And his servant said to him: "Behold, at Endor, there is a woman that calleth up the dead. And Saul disguised, with two men, went by night unto this woman. And Saul said, Bring me him up whom I shall name unto thee. Then said the woman: Whom shall I bring up unto thee? And he said: Bring me up Samuel.

12. Incantation

La Pythonisse (pendant l'Incantation):

Om. Om. Par le feu et par l'eau,
par la parole et par le souffle,
par le regard et par l'ouïe,
romps le lien de ta racine,
brise le sceau qui ferme l'urne.
Apparais. Apparais. C'est l'heure.
Om. Om. Je t'appelle et t'adjure:
sors du gouffre noir du Schéol,
rentre dans le temple aux neuf portes.
Apparais. Apparais.

Donne ton sang.
Flaire le sang, flaire la vie,
je t'arrache à la terre.
Apparais. Apparais.

(Elle crie)

Le feu me brûle, ô feu d'en bas.
Il entre en moi, il me transperce
jusqu'à la moëlle, ô feu obscur.
Agni, Agni, comme un fer rouge.
Monte, monte, apparais. Ah!
Tu m'as trompée, tu es Saül!

L'Ombre de Samuel:

Pourquoi m'as-tu troublé pour me faire
monter?

*Il livrera à Saül que l'Eternel
livrera Israël entre les mains des Philistins.
Et Saül meurt avec ses fils sur le mont
Guilboa. La victoire est aux Philistins. La
splendeur d'Israël s'éteint dans la poussière.*

13. Marche des Philistins

*Le messager amalécite porte à David, l'oint
du Seigneur, au pays étranger le bracelet et
la couronne du roi Saül, son ennemi.*

*Mais déchirant ses vêtements, David pleure
devant son peuple la mort de Jonathan et de
Saül, prenant le deuil sur Israël.*

14. Lamentation des Femmes d'Israël

David (pendant le chœur):

Guilboa! Guilboa!

Ta gazelle, Israël, a péri sur les monts.
Comment sont-ils tombés, les plus forts
d'Israël?

N'en parlez ni à Gath, ni aux rues d'Ascalon,
de peur que l'ennemi ne raille l'Eternel.
Les filles chanteraient au pays Philistin,
les filles danseraient au son du tambourin.
O monts de Guilboa, jamais pluie, ni rosée
sur votre tête chauve, offrande méprisée.
C'est là qu'il fut jeté, le bouclier des braves,
le bouclier du roi que la sainte huile lave.
De la graisse des forts et du sang des blessés,
ton arc, mon Jonathan, ne s'est jamais lassé.

12. Incantation

The Witch (during the Incantation):

Ah! Ah! By fire, by water,
by word and by wind,
by sight and by sound,
break the chains,
burst the lock which binds thee.
Appear, appear, 'tis time!
Ah! ah! I call thee and I adjure thee:
leave the black abyss of Sheol,
enter into the temple of nine doors.
Appear, appear.
Give thy blood.

Smell blood! smell life!
I shall root thee out of the earth.
Appear, appear!

(She cries)

The fire burns me, O fire of Hell.
It pierces me, it searches
out the marrow of my bones,
Agni, Agni, like a sharp sword.
Arise, arise, appear. Ah!
Thou hast tricked me, thou art Saul!

The Ghost of Samuel:

Why has thou troubled me, to bring me up?

*And Samuel prophesied to Saul that the
Lord would deliver Israel into the hand of
the Philistines. And Saul perished with his
sons on Mount Gilboa. Victory was to the
Philistines. The glory of Israel was ground
into dust.*

13. March of the Philistines

*And the Amalekite messenger brought the
crown and bracelet of King Saul, his enemy,
to David, anointed of the Lord, in a strange
land.*

*Then David rent his garments and wept
before the people over the death of Jonathan
and over Saul and mourned for Israel.*

14. Lamentation of the Women of Israel

David:

Gilboa! Gilboa!

Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon the
mountains.

How are the mighty ones of Israel fallen?

Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets
of Askelon,

lest the enemy mock the Lord.

Thy daughters must dance in the land of the
Philistines,

thy daughters must dance to the drum.

Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew,
nor rain upon thy crown, nor fields of
offerings!

For there the shield of the mighty was defiled.
From the fat of the mighty, from the blood of
the slain,

thy bow, my Jonathan, turned not back.

Et ton épée, Saül, était toujours brandie.
 Saül et Jonathan! Chéris durant vos vies,
 vous n'avez pas été séparés par la mort,
 aigles au vol rapide et lions au cœur fort.
 Comment donc les meilleurs sont-ils tombés?
 Comment, mon Jonathan, as-tu pu
 succomber?
 Mon cœur, ô Jonathan, souffre une peine
 amère.
 Tu étais mon plaisir, ô mon ami, mon frère.
 Et tu m'aimais, mon Jonathan, plus que ton
 âme,
 ton amour surpassait même l'amour des
 femmes.

O Jonathan!
 Comment donc les meilleurs là-haut sont-ils
 tombés?
 Pourquoi notre splendeur a-t-elle succombé?

Les Pleureuses:
 Ah, ah! Pleurez Saül.

DEUXIEME PARTIE

Jérusalem, Jérusalem!
David est roi. Il t'a choisie, t'ayant con-
quise aux Jébusiens pour élever le tabernacle.
Et l'Arche Sainte en ce jour monte vers la
demeure stable au milieu d'Israël.

15. Cantique de Fêtes

Le Chœur des Femmes d'Israël:
 Chantez, mes sœurs, chantez.
 Dieu n'a jamais abandonné
 dans la captivité
 ni dans l'adversité
 son peuple préféré
 l'élui, le bien-aimé.
 Eternel, Eternel,
 Viens bénir Israël.

16. La Danse devant l'Arche

Portes, élevez vos linteaux.
Elevez-vous, portiques éternels.
Voici le Roi de gloire qui vient dans sa
ville bénie.

Et voici les bergers amenant leurs trou-
peaux, les moissonneurs qui apportent leur
blé, les vigneron le bon vin de leur vigne et
tous les artisans ont travaillé pour Dieu.

Israël, te voici, tu montes la colline. Et
toutes les tribus viennent prendre en commun
cette bénédiction de l'Eternel.

Jehovah, lève-toi, disperse l'ennemi.
Il vient à nous porté sur vos épaules
comme il s'avance au milieu des batailles. Et
voici les chanteurs puis les musiciens, les
femmes au milieu qui font sonner les sistres.
Voici le roi David qui danse devant l'Arche,
et la terre et le ciel vibrent sous le soleil
comme les tambourins sous les doigts blancs
des vierges.

And thy sword, Saul, did not return empty.
 Saul and Jonathan, beloved in life,
 and divided not in death,
 swifter than eagles and stronger than lions.
 How are the mighty fallen?
 How art thou, my Jonathan, slain?
 My heart suffereth bitter pain for thee, my
 Jonathan.
 Thou wert my pleasure, my friend, my
 brother.
 Thou lovest me, my Jonathan, more than
 thine own soul,
 with a love passing the love of women.
 O Jonathan!
 How are the mighty fallen?
 Why is our splendor slain?

Mourning Women:
 Ah, ah! Weep for Saul.

SECOND PART

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
David is king. He hath chosen thee and
conquered thee from the Jebusites to raise up
the tabernacle. Today shall the holy Ark be
set in the midst of Israel.

15. Festal Song

Women of Israel:
 Sing, my sisters, sing.
 The Lord hath ne'er forsaken
 in captivity
 or in adversity
 his beloved
 and his ransomed one.
 Lord, Lord,
 Come to bless Israel.

16. The Dance before the Ark

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come into his
holy city.

Behold the shepherd brought his flocks, the
husbandman his grain, the vintner hath
brought the good wine of his vines and all
the craftsmen labored for the Lord.

O Israel, get thee up into the mountain,
for all peoples shall receive the blessing of the
Lord.

Jehovah, arise, scatter thine enemy.
He cometh unto us borne on shoulders like
as he advanceth in the midst of battle.

Behold the singers, the musicians, and the
women in the midst playing the psaltery. Be-
hold David the King, leaping and dancing
before the Ark, and the earth and the heavens
quivering under the sun like tambourines
under white fingers of virgins.

Le Chœur:

Jehovah! Jehovah!
Viens à nous, Eternel,
lumière du matin
et splendeur de midi.
Viens à nous, viens à nous.

Les Prêtres (devant l'Arche):

Ouvrez la porte à l'Eternel,
ouvrez la porte de justice.

Les Prêtres (devant le tabernacle):

Les justes seuls peuvent entrer,
c'est la porte de l'Eternel.

Les Femmes:

Eternel, viens à nous, viens à nous.

Les guerriers:

Tous les peuples m'ont attaqué
au nom de Jehovah, je les détruis.
L'essaim d'abeilles était serré,
au nom de Jehovah, je les détruis.
Le buisson sec, je l'ai brûlé,
au nom de Jehovah, je le détruis.
Car Jehovah m'a protégé
et sa main droite m'a conduit.
C'est Jehovah!

Les Prêtres:

Jehovah, lève-toi, disperse l'ennemi.

Les Jeunes Filles:

Chantons le Dieu fort et clément.
Dansons au bruit des instruments.
Chantons pour lui de nouveaux chants.
Que la terre et la mer frémissent
et que les fleuves applaudissent
et que les montagnes mugissent.
La lumière est son élément.
Il plane sur l'aile du vent
Et l'abîme est son vêtement.
Il fait sa tente des nuages
et sa voix parle dans l'orage.
Rendons au Créateur hommage.
Hommage à l'Eternel,
le Dieu fort d'Israël!

Le Chœur:

Jehovah, viens à nous.
Jehovah, viens à nous.

Un Ange:

David, ce n'est pas toi, le roi
qui bâtit cette maison.
Mais il naîtra un fils de toi
qui régnera sur les nations.
Et il sera mon Fils, et je serai son Père.
Son nom sera le plus grand de la terre,
Son nom sera pour tous une lumière.
Et il sera fils de David.

Le Chœur des Anges:

Alléluia! Alléluia!

Chorus:

Jehovah, Jehovah,
Come to us, O Lord;
Thou light of the morning
and splendor of the noon-day,
come to us, come to us.

Priests (before the Ark):

Open ye the gates to the Lord.
Open ye the gates of justice.

Priests (before the tabernacle):

Let the righteous alone enter
into the gates of the Lord.

Women:

Lord, come to us, come to us.

Warrior:

Many people have made war,
But I destroy them in the name of the Lord.
The bee-hive is shaken,
But I destroy it in the name of the Lord.
I have burned the dried bush,
But I destroy it in the name of the Lord.
The Lord Jehovah shielded me,
His hand hath led me.
Behold Jehovah!

Priests:

Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered.

Maidens:

Sing ye to the Lord, mighty and merciful.
Let us dance to the sound of instruments of
music,
Let us sing new songs unto him.
Let the earth and the sea rage
And let the waves clap their hands
And let the mountains roar.
His dwelling place is the light,
He flieth upon the wings of the wind.
And the dark waters are his pavilion round
about him.
The clouds are his tent
And his voice speaketh through the storm.
Give homage due to the Maker,
Homage to the Lord,
The most High of Israel.

Chorus:

Jehovah, come to us.
Jehovah, come to us.

An Angel:

David, thou art not the king
that shall build this house.
One of thy sons will be born
to rule over the nations.
And he will be my son and I will be his
Father.
His name shall be great upon the earth,
and it shall be a light to all the nations.
And he shall be the son of David.

Chorus of Angels:

Alléluia, alleluia.

Intermission

17. Cantique:

De mon cœur jaillit un cantique
Je dis: Mon œuvre est pour le Roi.
Ma langue chante, prophétique
comme un roseau entre les doigts
de l'écrivain public.

Toi, le plus beau fils de l'homme,
toi, dont la lèvre et dont le chant
portent la grâce qu'on renomme,
Dieu te bénit journellement
affermissant ton trône.

Tes fils auront la part du père.
On chantera toujours ton nom.
Ils seront tous rois de la terre
et tous les peuples qui viendront
t'appelleront le Maître.

Et l'Eternel bénit David. Il est au faite du pouvoir. Tous les rois sont ses alliés, et il est grand parmi les grands. Mais le péché est entré dans son cœur, car il a vu de sa terrasse fleurir au jardin des grenades le beauté sans défaut, de Bethsabée, femme d'Urie.

18. Chant de la Servante (Contralto solo):

Bien-aimé, prends ma main,
descendons la colline,
Allons voir si la vigne
a fleuri, ce matin.

La vigne, bien-aimée,
n'est pas en fleur encore.
Mais sens la mandragore
moins douce qu'un baiser.

Et l'ayant vue au bain, et l'ayant convoitée, il l'a prise pour femme, faisant tuer le capitaine Urie. Mais le courroux de Jehovah retombe sur l'enfant que Bethsabée lui a donné. L'enfant se meurt et le roi crie à Dieu sa détresse, en implorant miséricorde.

19. Psaume de pénitence:

Miséricorde, ô Dieu, pitié.
Selon ta grande compassion,
veuille effacer ma transgression,
lave-moi jusqu'au fond
de mon iniquité,
purifie-moi de mon péché.
Miséricorde, ô Dieu, pitié.

L'Eternel envoya Nathan pour reprocher au roi et à la reine leur grand péché dont l'enfant meurt.

20. Psaume:

Je fus conçus dans le péché,
c'est dans le mal que suis né.
Et tu voudrais une âme pure,
une âme forte et sans souillure.
J'ai péché, j'ai péché,
j'ai grandement péché.
Tu m'as instruit dans ta sagesse
et j'ai failli dans ma faiblesse.
Miséricorde, ô Dieu, pitié,
lave-moi de mon iniquité.

17. Song of Praise:

A song bursts from my heart:
My labor is for the king.
Let my tongue sing and prophesy
like a reed in the fingers of a scribe.

Thee, noblest son of man,
Whose lips and whose song
bring grace well-known,
God will daily bless
and will establish thy throne.

The care of thy sons shall be to the Father.
Thy name shall be sung forever.
They shall all be kings of the earth
And all who come shall call thee master.

And God blessed David. He was at the height of his power. All the kings of the earth were united with him and he was the greatest among them all. But sin entered into his heart as he saw from his roof, flowering in the garden of pomegranates, the matchless beauty of Bathsheba, wife of Uriah.

18. Song of the servant:

O my Beloved, take my hand;
Let us go out to the vineyards
and see whether the vines
have budded.

The vines, O my beloved,
are not yet in bloom,
But the mandrakes give forth fragrance
gentler than a kiss.

And when he saw her bathing, he sent for her and took her to wife and had her husband Uriah killed. But the wrath of the Lord fell upon the child which Bathsheba bore him. The child died and the king cried out to the Lord in his distress, imploring mercy.

19. Penitential Psalm:

Have mercy upon me,
In thy great mercy
Blot out my misdeed.
Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity
And cleanse me of my sin.
Mercy, O God, pity.

The Lord sent Nathan to reprove the king and queen for the great sin for which the child died.

20. Psalm:

Behold, I was shapen in iniquity
and conceived in sin.
But thou desirest truth in the inward parts,
strong and spotless.
I have sinned
and mightily transgressed.
Thou hast made me to know wisdom,
And in weakness have I failed thee.
Have mercy upon me, O God, have mercy.
Wash me from mine iniquity.

Et voici que les châtiments frappent la maison adultère. Le frère a violé la sœur, et le frère a tué le frère. Absalon, le fils bien-aimé, s'est révolté contre son roi. David, s'enfuyant de la ville, reprend le chemin du désert.

21. Psaume de David (Ténor solo):

Je lève mes regards vers la montagne.
D'où me vient le secours?
Du Créateur des cieux qui m'accompagne
Maintenant et toujours.
Va, ne crains pas que ton pas ne chancelle.
Dieu garde tes pas.
Veillant là-haut comme une sentinelle,
L'Eternel ne dort pas.

Mais l'armée d'Absalon a fui et dans la forêt d'Ephraïm Joab tue Absalon. Et le peuple en fête remplit de chants Mahanaïm.

22. Chant d'Ephraïm

O forêt d'Ephraïm
où tournent les corbeaux,
Ils ont cueilli ton fruit
qui pendait aux rameaux.
Ton fruit rouge de sang
que leurs mains ont froissé.
Ils m'en feront présent
pour avoir un baiser.

Le vieux roi pleure son fils mort devant l'armée victorieuse.

23. Marche des Hébreux

Et David arrêtant d'un geste son armée, dit aux soldats: Mes guerriers d'Israël, vous êtes dès ce jour et mes os et ma chair. Le roi vous remerci. Vous avez rétabli la paix en Israël. Vainqueur de tous ses ennemis, David élève à Dieu son cœur plein de reconnaissance.

24. Psaume de David:

Je t'aimerai, Seigneur, d'un amour tendre,
Toi dont le bras me sut si bien défendre.
Dieu fut toujours mon fort, mon protecteur,
Ma tour, ma roche et mon libérateur.
Je trouve en lui tout ce que je souhaite.
C'est mon bouclier, mon salut, ma retraite.
Dès qu'au besoin, je l'invoque avec foi,
Des ennemis, délivré, je me vois.
Tel qu'un torrent, ils pensaient me surprendre.
Cent fois la mort ses filets vint me tendre
Et tous les jours quelque péril nouveau
Me conduisait sur le bord du tombeau.
[Clément Marot]

David est vieux, chargé de gloire, dans son palais de cèdre et d'or. Et de nouveau son orgueil parle car il fait dénombrer son peuple pour connaître sa force. Et trois fléaux lui sont prédits dans la nuit des prières. Et l'Ange de la mort frappe Jérusalem de son épée de feu.

And behold, punishment fell upon the adulterous house. Brother ravished sister and brother killed brother. Absalom, the well-beloved son, rose up against David the king and he escaped and sought the desert.

21. Psalm:

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills;
From whence cometh my help?
My help cometh from the Lord who hath
made heaven and earth.
Go forth and fear not lest thy foot slip.
The Lord keepeth thy paths:
He watcheth over thee from on high.
The Lord sleepeth not.

But the army of Absalom fled, and in the forest of Ephraim, Joab slew Absalom. And at the feast the people filled the air with songs of Mahanaim.

22. Song of Ephraim:

O forest of Ephraim
Where the ravens return,
Thy fruit is plucked
from the bending branches.
Thy fruit is fiery as blood
from the tearing of claws.
They would offer it,
the price of a kiss.

But the old king wept for his dead son before the victorious armies.

23. March of the Hebrews

And David signalled with his hand and the army stood still. And David said, Ye warriors of Israel, from this day, ye are my bones and my flesh. Receive the thanks of your king. Ye have established peace in Israel.

His enemies overthrown, David lifted up his heart full of gratitude to the Lord.

24. Psalm:

I shall love thee, O Lord, with tender love,
Whose arm hath been my defense.
The Lord is my strength forever,
my rock, my tower, and my deliverance.
In him is all that I long for.
He is my shield, my safety and my protection.
When I called upon him faithfully,
I was delivered from my foes.
Though a tempest arose against me
And death compassed me about,
Through every danger he hath led me
To the door of the grave.

[Clément Marot]

David waxed old and resplendent in glory in his palace of cedar and gold. But anew his pride spake that he should number his people, that he might know his strength. And three plagues were foreshown to him in the night of prayers. And the angel of death struck Jerusalem with a sword of fire.

25. Psaume:

Dans cet effroi, le grand Dieu que j'adore
Me vient donner le secours que j'implore.
Et de son trône écoutant mes soupirs,
Se laisse vaincre à mes justes désirs.

Soudain partout tremblèrent les campagnes.
On vit crouler les plus hautes montagnes,
De leur sommet jusques au fondement
Tant son courroux se montra véhément.

Ayant promis à Dieu de lui bâtir une demeure magnifique, David voit l'accomplissement des rêves glorieux de sa jeunesse et de sa vie. Il a fait proclamer roi d'Israël le fils de Bethsabée, Salomon, le plus cher entre ses fils. Et tandis que Nathan couronne Salomon, il est monté pour voir le temple, pour la dernière fois.

26. Couronnement de Salomon

Et Nathan dit: Devant tout Israël et devant Jehovah qui l'a choisi lui-même, nous proclamons l'oint du Seigneur, Salomon roi, fils de David.

Et le peuple cria: Vive Salomon roi!

27. La Mort de David

L'Esprit de Dieu parle par moi. Un juste viendra sur les hommes, régnant dans la crainte de Dieu. C'est la clarté du matin, quand le soleil se lève.

Oh, cette vie était si belle! Je te bénis. Toi qui me l'as donnée.

L'Ange:

Dieu te dit: Un jour viendra
où une fleur fleurira
de ta souche reverdie.
Et son parfum remplira
tous les peuples d'ici-bas
du souffle de la vie.

Alleluia!

Le Chœur des Anges:

Alleluia, Alleluia!

25. Psalm:

In this terror, the mighty Lord whom I adore
Comes with succor that I implore:
And on his throne has heard my sighing
And he hearkens to my just desires.

Suddenly the earth shakes
And the mountains crumble
From their peaks to the foundations;
Thus his wrath is shown in fury.

Now David had promised that he would build a dwelling place arrayed in magnificence for the Lord, and he saw the fulfillment of his youth and of his life.

And he proclaimed Solomon, the best loved of his sons, the son of Bathsheba, king over Israel. And while Nathan crowned Solomon, he went up to see the temple for the last time.

26. Crowning of Solomon

And Nathan said, Before Israel and before Jehovah, who hath chosen thee, we proclaim thee the Anointed of the Lord, Solomon, King, son of David. And the people cried out, long live King Solomon!

27. The Death of David

Let the Spirit of the Lord speak through me. A righteous man shall come to men, ruling in the fear of God. He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth.

O how beautiful was life to me. I bless thee, thou who hast given it to me.

The Angel:

The Lord saith unto thee: A day shall dawn
in the which a flower shall blossom forth
from thy verdant staff.
The perfume thereof shall fill
all the peoples of the world,
with the breath of life.

Alleluia!

Chorus of angels:

Alleluia, alleluia.

Program Notes *by Joseph Dyer*

HONEGGER Le Roi David

Almost a half century has passed since the premiere of *Le roi David* on June 11, 1921 at the Théâtre du Jorat located in a village (Mézières) near Lausanne. The outdoor theater had been founded before World War I by René and Jean Morax for the presentation of both old and new dramatic works. The war had interrupted the programs but they recommenced in 1921. For this important season René Morax had written a biblical drama and was seeking a musical collaborator when Ernest Ansermet recommended the yet comparatively unknown Arthur Honegger (1882-1955). The score had to be written in two months' time and delivered piecemeal for the choral rehearsals. Not the least of

the composer's concerns was the peculiar distribution of vocal and instrumental forces available to him at the theater: an amateur chorus of 100 voices and a small ensemble of winds, keyboard instruments and percussion. Igor Stravinsky, who had some experience in writing for unusual combinations, offered little consolation by advising him to compose as if he *wanted* this unusual disposition.

The choral parts held greater difficulty for a 1921 chorus than they hold for a chorus today more accustomed to modern idioms. Honegger was aware of the chorus' inexperience and postponed the first performance because of his concern with it. Probably with the chorus in mind he restricted the most daring harmonic devices to the accompaniment. Honegger's manipulation of the vocal lines from the unison songs to the taxing Dance before the Ark is extremely resourceful and effective.

As originally conceived, *Le roi David* was a spectacle of considerable length and Honegger's most ambitious score up to that time. The action was presented in a series of tableaux and, according to Pierre Meylan (*René Morax et Arthur Honegger au Théâtre du Jorat*), Morax drew some of his ideas from cinematic techniques. The production was widely discussed in the press but found wanting on several counts. Most of the actors were amateurs and not too proficient at that. The part of Saul was played by Maurice Abravanel, presently conductor of the Utah Symphony and a notable exponent of the music of Satie and *Les Six*.

To play the soldiers of the opposing camps Morax secured the services of two student societies. Whether he knew it or not the two groups held opposing political views—we may be sure that the battle scenes were the most convincing elements in the production. Perhaps the gentlemen of the SDS and YAF could be pressed into the service of art for a modern scenic revival of *David*!

Not only was Honegger's music a great popular success but it received favorable critical comment. One of the most influential French critics, Emile Vuillermoz, singled out the unusual orchestration for favorable comment. The original scoring which will be heard this evening calls for ten winds, violincello, string bass, percussion, celesta, piano and harmonium. Honegger often contrasts the woodwind group with the brass, allowing one or the other to predominate for an entire number or section thereof. With such a small ensemble every instrument is made to count.

When the possibility of a Parisian performance (1923) arose, Honegger was urged to recast the work in a new concert version as an oratorio or "symphonic psalm", as the title page now reads. Morax had to trim his own work, eliminating all dialogue (except that incorporated in the music) and suppressing several episodes in the original play. A narrator (whose part Honegger did not set to the customary recitative) links the episodes together.

This revision drastically altered the character of the work. The exotic, eastern atmosphere is still preserved in the music, but only the text of the Song of the Handmaid (No. 18) remains to represent the colorful images with which Morax dotted the play. The voluptuous language of the dialogue between David and Michal, his wife, was dropped entirely. David enters her tent and says: "O beloved, O cool lip to my burning lips. You will remain my spring in the desert, water from the brook after a battle, the moonlight above the great cedars." In equally poetic terms Michal replies: "For the last time, my beloved, I have taken off my robe and washed my body; I have unloosed my hair perfumed with spices. For the first time sorrow has poured poison into the cup which our lips share." Also omitted were the episodes depicting David's attraction to Abigail and Michal's coldness because of David's infidelity. Thus purged, a more "religious" work emerges which could gain acceptance as a sacred oratorio.

The revision for Paris included a reorchestration of the entire work for a large symphony orchestra, not because of any dissatisfaction with the original, but because the promoter of the concert requested the change. Honegger retained some of the characteristic wind sonorities in the new version, but omitted the piano, celesta and harmonium of the original. The strings predominate at climaxes and replace, e.g., flutes or clarinet, in lyrical passages. The rescoring cannot be looked upon as an "improvement" since it obliterates the strongly contrasting timbres of winds and percussion of 1921 and replaces them with the

conventional symphony orchestra. In the original scoring a certain inflexibility in the sound of the winds accentuate the monumental aspects of the story while suiting its tender moments as well. As Delannoy points out, the winds and percussion preserve the "rough, archaic picturesqueness" of *Le roi David* as Honegger originally conceived it.

Honegger has pledged himself to "speak to the great public without concessions, but also without obscurity." The continued survival of *David* in the repertoire of choral groups indicates that he has achieved a measure of success. *Le roi David* marks a stage of synthesis in Honegger's *oeuvre*: the extreme linearity of, for instance, *Le dit des jeux du monde* (heard last year at these concerts) has been mitigated and the extreme chromaticism of the String Quartet generally avoided. The composer's veneration for Fauré fathered this new balance between melodic and harmonic elements. Honegger advised his students: "If your melodic or rhythmic design is precise and clear and commands the attention of the ear, the accompanying dissonance will never frighten the listener." The wide acceptance of *David* by audiences unaccustomed to the astringent sounds of twentieth-century seems to prove his point.

Honegger was fully aware of the flaws in this composition, especially the absence of extended numbers early in the oratorio. Despite the presence of the narrator a fragmentary effect results. The situation is saved to some extent by the composer's adroitness in projecting a mood or situation succinctly and with the simplest musical means. Just this ability Honegger turned to good use in the many (over 30) film scores he wrote. He cannot be blamed if techniques fresh in the 1920s have since become clichés through overuse.

The motifs of Oriental sensualism, pastoral tranquility and martial spirit which are to dominate the oratorio make their appearance at the very beginning. The Song of David (No. 2) is an excellent example of a procedure alluded to above: a diatonic vocal line is set against a constantly moving chromatic accompaniment. Save for an unusual modulation the first "psalm" (No. 3 for chorus in unison; there are five "psalms" each in Parts One and Three) could have been transplanted from the time of Bach and Handel. The vigorous stepwise treatment of the bass is as characteristic of baroque style as the long sustained basses (pedals) and repeated bass patterns (*ostinati*) are of Honegger's own style.

Even in self-contained miniatures like No. 6, Honegger finds room for picturesque details like the piccolo flourish suggesting the javelin hurled at David by Saul. Particularly touching is David's lament in exile, "O that I had wings like a dove" (No. 7), a model of text declamation and flexible underscoring of the text. This mood of suppliant entreaty changes to a triumphant hymn of praise (latter half of No. 9). The trumpet calls, far and near, shift the scene to Saul's camp (No. 10) and the dramatic cries of the Israelites. In desperation the embattled king seeks with the aid of the witch of Endor to bring back the shade of Samuel. The witch's incantation (No. 12) is a melodrama—the spoken lines accompanied throughout by winding chromatic lines, short motives and the constant roll on the gong all building to a frenzied conclusion as the dead prophet Samuel appears.

The battle between Israelites and Philistines is represented only by the grotesque march of the latter (No. 13) and the ensuing extended Lament imitating the monotonous wailing of Oriental women mourning the slain. The varieties of rhythm in the vocal lines are intended to approximate the non-metrical (free) rhythm of eastern melodies as they sound to western ears.

Part Two contains the most extensively developed segment of the oratorio: The Dance before the Ark (No. 16). It can be divided into six large sections: (1) the shepherds' offerings; (2) invocation to Jehovah culminating in the *sostenuto* harmonies of "Viens a nous;" (3) a quieter interlude; (4) the return of the invocation at a still faster tempo; (5) the angelic prophecy that David's son will build the temple; (6) the exultant Alleluias which prolong this calmer mood. Various groupings of repeated-note patterns unify this epic panorama with its great climaxes.

A certain parallelism of design asserts itself at the beginning of Parts One and Three. The languorous Song of the Handmaid (No. 18; all that remains of the

Bathsheba episode) is juxtaposed with the static harmony and cross-rhythm of voices and instruments in the Psalm of Penitence (No. 19). The latter is recalled at the end of No. 20. The confident spirit of "I will lift up mine eyes" (No. 21) hearks back to No. 6 but is followed by a macabre song about the "fruit, fiery as blood" (i.e., the head of Absalom) which hung in the forest of Ephraim. Life has tempered the youthful exuberance of David; his beautiful song of trust, "I shall love thee, O Lord" (No. 24; words of this and No. 2 after Clément Marot), culminates in no triumphant outburst. The purely instrumental Crowning of Solomon would have had more meaning in the pageantry of the staged version. It leads directly into the final tableau, the Death of David, with its wonderful contrapuntal combinations. The rapturous alleluias float above the angel's messianic prophecy taken up *sostenuto* by the basses.

ASSISTING ARTISTS

CATHERINE ROWE, soprano, is a professor at Sarah Lawrence College, teaching ear training and voice. She is a graduate of Peabody Conservatory of Music, where she was an outstanding pupil of Mme. Renée Longy. She has appeared in many oratorio performances and recital programs in cities in the eastern part of the United States, including concerts in Boston with the MIT Chorus and the Handel and Haydn Society. She has also sung in many European cities, notably Paris, Brussels, Hamburg, and Munich. Miss Rowe has specialized in music of the Baroque era and has also given first performances of many contemporary composers such as Dallapiccola, Nabokov, Moevs, Daniel Pinkham and David Ernst. In New York this spring, Miss Rowe will give premiere performances of music especially written for her by Leo Kraft, Robert Keye Clark and John Watts. She records for Lyricord and CRI.

EUNICE ALBERTS, contralto, enjoys equal success as an opera, recital, and oratorio singer. She has appeared with the opera companies of Boston, Chicago, New York City, San Francisco, New Orleans, Washington and Sarah Caldwell's American National Opera Company. Miss Alberts sang many times under the late Charles Munch, both in Symphony Hall and at Tanglewood. Miss Alberts has appeared at the major festivals of Aspen, Ann Arbor, Bethlehem, Cincinnati and Tanglewood. She was chosen as one of the soloists for Mozart's *Requiem*, which was performed in memory of President Kennedy by Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston.

RAYMOND GIBBS, baritone, of the Metropolitan Opera, studied voice with Valeria Postnikova Post. He began his career in 1966 as regional winner of the San Francisco Opera Auditions. Since then, Mr. Gibbs has appeared with many of America's leading opera companies including the San Diego Opera Company, the New York City Opera Company, the Houston Grand Opera Company and the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company. He has sung oratorio with the Brooklyn Philharmonia and the Festival Orchestra of New York. Tonight Mr. Gibbs is making his debut performance in Boston.

HUGUES CUÉNOD, is one of the most versatile and creative vocal artists of our times. A native of Switzerland, he studied in Basel and Vienna, and early in his career sang in many of the famous Paris theatres. At this time he toured the United States with musical comedy. Beginning shortly after these tours, until 1941, he sang mostly in concert and oratorio with Nadia Boulanger. He has appeared in almost every major opera house in Europe including La Scala, Covent Garden and the Rome, Geneva and Paris opera houses. M. Cuénod has performed and recorded music of all styles and periods; he is equally renowned for his interpretations of Monteverdi and for his premieres of works by Stravinsky, Honegger, Frank Martin and Poulenc. M. Cuénod now specializes in Baroque music and is a regular member of the Glyndebourne Opera Company with which he has been singing for each of the last fifteen summers.

Where the man you talk to is New England Merchants National Bank

Mr. Edgar, since you'll be
handling my husband's trust,
I'd like to make
a few things clear.

Certainly, Mrs. Ridley.

Fillmore was a very shrewd
investor. He owned all his stocks
for many years.

Yes, Mrs. Ridley.

He wanted me to
continue to live in
the way we always
have. So I'm very
much opposed to
selling anything
he bought.

Mrs. Ridley, any-
time we make a
change we'll do it
to emphasize two
goals — steady
growth and in-
creased income.
I promise you'll
still be spending
your winters in
Pinehurst.

I'm glad to hear
you say that.
Perhaps you'll help
me with my
reservations.

Uh — certainly,
Mrs. Ridley.

SAXON

See Antony Edgar at the Trust Department, New England Merchants Bank Building,
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Thomas Dunn



Time Magazine has said of Mr. Dunn that "... whatever (he) tackles musically is worth doing and done memorably well."

A graduate of John Hopkins University, the Peabody Conservatory of Music, from which institution he received the Distinguished Alumnus Award, and Harvard University, Mr. Dunn studied conducting as a Fulbright Scholar at the Royal Conservatory in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, where he was awarded that country's highest award in music, the Diploma in Orchestral Conducting.

Mr. Dunn has been instructor of theory and applied music at the Peabody Conservatory of Music and an instructor of music history at Swarthmore College, where he also was conductor of its glee club and orchestra. He has been a lecturer at the Institute for Humanistic Studies for Executives at the University of Pennsylvania, and has been on the faculty of the School of Sacred Music of Union Theological Seminary, New York. During the past two summers he has conducted at the Bach Festival at the University of Buffalo and lectured about Bach's cantatas. Last summer he also taught at the Blossom Music Festival.

In addition to his duties as Music Director and Conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society, Mr. Dunn is also Director of Music at New York's Church of the Incarnation, and Editor-in-chief of E. C. Schirmer Music Company, and Music Director of the Festival Orchestra of New York.

When Mr. Dunn became Music Director of the Handel and Haydn Society three years ago, he brought with him new life for America's oldest active choral society. He has been recognized for his imaginative programing: "... the man has made an art of the concert program," and for his superb conducting: "... Thomas Dunn [is] a conductor of versatility, passion and authority." Under the direction of Mr. Dunn, the Society has expanded its annual concert program, and today "There is no finer chorus-orchestra combination to be heard around here these days than the Handel and Haydn Society under Thomas Dunn..."

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An Invitation to Membership in the Handel and Haydn Society

The purpose of the Handel and Haydn Society is to promote the performance, study, composition, and appreciation of music, especially choral music.

Members of the Handel and Haydn Society are entitled to vote in the affairs of the Society, to attend the social functions, to receive advance notice of all concerts sponsored by the Society, and to be given special consideration in seating.

We invite you to become a member of the Society and to take part in the Society's exciting future.

Detach and Return

Application for Membership

The Secretary
Handel and Haydn Society
25 Huntington Avenue
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Date

Dear Sir:

Please accept my* application for membership in the Handel and Haydn Society for the year 1970. My membership contribution is enclosed.

☐ Contributor - \$10.00 ☐ Sponsor - \$25.00 ☐ Patron - \$100.00

Sincerely,

Name (Print as it should appear on our records)

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☐ My check, payable to the Handel and Haydn Society, is enclosed.

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*Husband and Wife may jointly share Membership.

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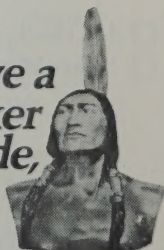
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William Curtis

Flute

Elinor Preble

Flute and Piccolo

Nancy Jerome

Oboe and English Horn

Raymond Toubman

Clarinet

William Wrzesien

Andre Lizotte

(and Bass Clarinet)

Bassoon

John Miller

French Horn

Richard Greenfield

Trumpet

Jeffrey Stern

Fordyce Pier

Trombone

A. Douglas Wauchope

Tympani

Frederick Buda

Percussion

Everett Beale

Linda Raymond

Piano

Newton Wayland

Organ

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Celesta

Donald Teeters

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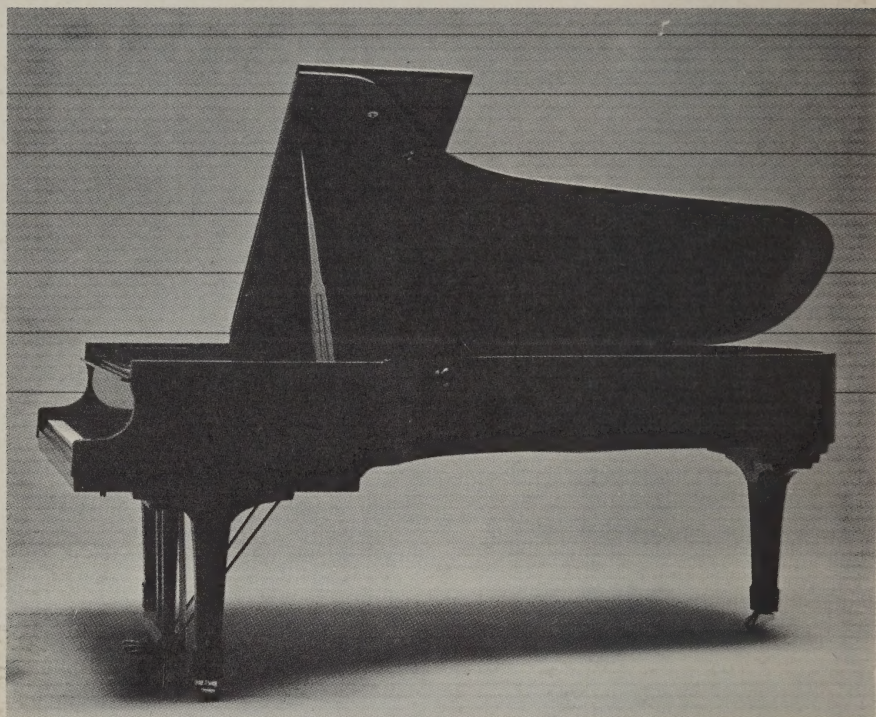
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